

wedding (in the ocean)

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by [bunflower](#)

Summary

“Bastard,” Phil scoffs, but he clings tightly to Technoblade’s hand nevertheless, even as the captain pulls away to get a better look at him, one brow quirked.

“That’s my line,” Technoblade fires gently back, bumping his shoulder up against his first mate’s and leaning there. “Loosen up, Phil. You look a little nervous.”

“Shit, I wonder why?” Phil drawls sarcastically, his gaze flickering between Technoblade and the sea. “S not like I’m finally marrying the love of my life or anything.”

—

OR: The long-awaited Bones!Phil and Mumza wedding.

Notes

this piece was written in celebration of 10k followers on twitter. thank you so much to everyone who has supported me over the last year of writing, it means more than you'll ever know that my silly little hobby could be so well-received.

i hope you enjoy this continuation of the "bones in the ocean" series, and everything more to come in the future.

The day has finally arrived, and Technoblade would be lying if he said he wasn't a little teary-eyed.

As he steps up onto the deck and into the afternoon sun, dressed in his finest formalwear, he's struck by the strangest feeling of completion—of a long journey finally put to rest, an old ship finally making port. This day isn't the end—no, far from it—but it marks the completion of one journey and the beginning of the next.

A new start. A fresh beginning, for both the *Argo*, her captain, and her beloved first mate.

The gulls cry joyously above, circling the mast. A lone crow and cockatoo rest on the rim of the crow's nest, overlooking the ship's festivities. The waves lap gently at the sides of the *Argo*, the sea a brilliant, deep blue, the sky clear save for the occasional puffy white cloud that floats lazily above. There's a gentle breeze, carrying the scent of the salty sea and the fresh food being cooked below deck in preparation for the night's celebratory feast. The crew mill about in anticipation, murmuring amongst themselves, shooting nervous glances toward a familiar figure standing alone.

That's when Technoblade's gaze finally seeks out his friend, and what he sees waiting for him makes his breath catch in his chest and his heart stutter where it rests beneath his ribs.

Phil is *smiling*. Grinning from ear to ear, he's standing at the bow of the ship, clothed in a shirt far nicer than anything he's ever worn before. He's cleaned up surprisingly well—his hair combed neatly into a high ponytail with a deep green ribbon, small braids crowning either side of his head. He looks *radiant*, happier than perhaps Technoblade's ever seen him, his chest puffed and his chin held high and his hands clasped tightly behind his back—the only betrayal of his nerves.

When Technoblade finally makes his way to Phil's side, his friend hardly even acknowledges him, rocking on his heels as he looks toward the water. Technoblade chuckles under his breath, reaching forward to rest one hand on his shoulder. Phil jumps with a soft noise of surprise, only to immediately soften at the sight of his Best Man. His eyes widen, his lips half-parting in an 'o' of surprise before he's smiling again, a little softer now. Technoblade is quick to pull him into a one-armed hug, slinging an arm around Phil's neck, careful to avoid messing up his hair too much. Phil squawks at first, but soon settles into the embrace with a content sigh.

"You look great," Technoblade teases, tugging playfully at the ribbon around Phil's neck. "Cleaned up pretty well for a pirate."

"Oh, *shut*," Phil protests, but his cheeks are pink and there's a pleased twitch to his lips. He moves to run a hand through his hair, but Technoblade catches his wrist easily, tugging it back down with a chiding '*tsk*'.

"Don't mess it up," he scolds. "Took a lot of work to make you look a little less like a drowned rat, old man. Poor Niki deserves to see her hard work last through the ceremony, at least."

“Bastard,” Phil scoffs, but he clings tightly to Technoblade’s hand nevertheless, even as the captain pulls away to get a better look at him, one brow quirked.

“That’s my line,” Technoblade fires gently back, bumping his shoulder up against his first mate’s and leaning there. “Loosen up, Phil. You look a little nervous.”

“*Shit*, I wonder why?” Phil drawls sarcastically, his gaze flickering between Technoblade and the sea. “‘S not like I’m finally marrying the love of my life or anything.”

Technoblade laughs. Heedless of the crew that surrounds them, he takes both of Phil’s hands in his own, urging the man to sit up on the railing. He runs his thumb across weathered, scarred knuckles—hands he’s come to know as well as his own. Hands that will soon bear a ring—a sign of love and loyalty and a devotion that will span the tests of time. A commitment he knows Phil is ready to make, one he’s *been* ready to make for months. He presses a swift kiss to the place the ring will rest, ignore Phil’s playful groan of embarrassment (“*Not in front of the crew, Techno!*”) before giving his friend’s hands a firm squeeze, unable to keep the smile off of his face as he looks up at him.

“The very first day you met her, you told me you were going to marry her.” And he snorts, his heart warm and light and full of joy. “I told you that you were an idiot, but you proved me wrong, didn’t you?” Phil laughs at that, and he’s quick to recover from his mistake. “Nah—still an idiot, don’t get ahead of yer’self. Only *you* would jump off a ship and somehow meet the love of your life in a deadly sea siren.”

“*Mate*, ” Phil protests, but there’s a fond smile on his lips and a sheen to his eyes.

“I’m happy for you, though,” Technoblade says, and he means every word. “You deserve to be happy, Phil. You deserve it more than anyone I’ve ever known. When I first met you, I—*gods*, you know what I was like and what I thought. But you opened my eyes—showed me a whole new perspective on things, ‘n—you saved me, Phil. From myself.” Phil’s mouth is half-open, his eyes wide and watery, his lips twitching in a trembling smile. “So gettin’ to see you smile—gettin’ to see you fall in love... that’s made me happier than just about anything else. You deserve this, Phil. I’m—” His voice breaks, his grin so wide it *hurts*. “I’m proud of you, you old crow. So don’t go gettin’ cold feet on me.”

Phil laughs, his head tipping back, and it pitches into a hiccup as he scrubs at his eyes. And then he’s leaning forward, bumping his forehead up against Technoblade’s, who leans into the gesture.

“Couldn’t have asked for a better Best Man,” Phil murmurs softly, his voice wobbly and breathy with undisguised fondness. “Or a better captain.”

“I’m nothin’ without my first mate,” Technoblade answers, his eyes fluttering shut.

Phil hums but does not answer him. His hands shake in Technoblade’s grasp, but for the first time, Technoblade doesn’t worry about that. He just laughs, eyes opening once more to watch as Phil’s nose scrunches, the hot air tickling it. And then Phil’s pulling away, or rather—shoving him away, his laugh bright and bell-like as his palm squishes against Technoblade’s cheek. Technoblade grins, clinging on tight, pressing the cold metal of his prosthetic to Phil’s

unprotected neck and cackling as the man twists and shrieks, utterly undignified. He continues his assault until a soft voice clears their throat behind him.

“Excuse me, boys, but—I think you were going to have a wedding?”

“Eret,” Phil breathes, tugging out of Technoblade’s arms to sweep their companion up into a warm embrace, his chin plopping down to rest on their shoulder. Eret laughs, pressing a kiss to Phil’s cheek before pushing him gently away to cradle his face. They trace his smile with their thumb, and their own is just as brilliant—as warm as the sunrise so long ago.

“You’re happy,” Eret says, and it isn’t a question.

“I am,” Phil answers anyway, leaning into their touch. “So fuckin’ happy, mate.”

“Good,” Eret answers, in an echo of Technoblade’s earlier words. “You deserve to be.”

And then they take his hand, tugging him down the stairs and toward the ship’s stern, through the throngs of the crew that have begun to gather. Technoblade follows after, pulling his hat from his head to rest over his heart as they weave through the crowd. Everyone is there—murmuring affirmation and congratulations and well wishes. Niki and Jack stand side by side, Niki leaned up against the taller man with obvious tears in her eyes, Jack wrapping an arm around her and clearly trying not to cry himself. Ranboo and Tommy and Tubbo are all gathered together, leaned up against the railing. Someone’s managed to clean them up—Tommy’s tangled hair brushed out, their usual matching bandanas gone, replaced with clean white shirts. Nevertheless, they’re giggling amongst themselves, clearly planning some sort of mischief. Their mouths snap shut, eyes wide and guilty when Technoblade shoots them a level glare—that soon softens into something more lighthearted.

Wait until after the ceremony, he mouths, and they nod conspiratorially.

Wilbur’s standing at the front, his hand on Fundy’s shoulder. Phil pulls him into a hug as he steps toward him, and Wilbur is quick to bury his nose in soft blonde strands, pressing a kiss to his father’s brows. Phil laughs, and then Wilbur’s grip tightens, and the two just cling to each other for a few moments, lost in their own moment. A father and son, torn apart by pain and misunderstandings, reunited again—never to be broken again. This moment means so much more to them than Technoblade will ever be able to understand, and yet he can *feel* their joy as if he too were an empath, their delight contagious.

“I promised you I would give you a family,” Phil murmurs as he pulls away, so soft Technoblade nearly misses it.

“And look at me now,” Wilbur answers. “A kid of my own and a crew—and soon a new mom, too.” He stares fondly down at his father, his honeyed gaze soft and full of a dozen different emotions that Technoblade can’t put to words. “Thanks, Dad. For everything.”

“Mate,” Phil chokes out. “Stop—you’re gonna make me *cry*, I can’t cry at my own wedding!”

Wilbur just laughs, elbowing him gently before shooing him away toward the stern, where Eret is waiting, tapping her foot with a smile. Phil nearly trips on the way up, much to the crew's amusement, but rights himself with a dramatic flourish, trotting over to the grinning officiant's side. As Technoblade passes Wilbur, the man leans forward to whisper in his ear, a catlike smirk playing out across his lips.

"Ten gold pieces says he cries while giving her the ring."

"Ten gold pieces says he'll cry before."

"You're on."

Technoblade takes his place—at Phil's side, just two steps behind. In his pocket rests the ring Kristin will give his friend. It feels heavy with the weight of a promised commitment and warm with love, and he's honored to be the one trusted to keep it safe. His heart flickers as he turns his gaze back to his friend, who shoots him one last nervous look. He smiles right back, and watches as his first mate's expression softens, the nerves easing into something childlike and eager as he turns his gaze to the sea.

Wilbur hefts his fiddle to his shoulder, and a soft melody plays out across the waves.

For a moment, there's nothing but the sound of music and the gentle murmurs of the crowd, and then with a great splash, the siren herself rises from the depths of the sea—just as terrifyingly beautiful as the day Technoblade had first met her—as beautiful as the day Phil first fell in love. Long dark hair curtains her shoulders, beautiful shells and jewels intertwined into delicate braids, her golden and obsidian scales gleaming in the bright light of the afternoon sun. She's smiling, warm and soft and fond, and her sharp teeth no longer strike the same fear into Technoblade's heart that they once did.

Her tail comes to lift from the water, delicate, fan-like fins sending arcs of glittering water through the air. Her elbows rest gently on the stern of the ship—and though it groans beneath the weight, the ship does not give, save for the slightest tilt. She reaches out one finger, and Phil is quick to rest his hand upon it—awe and wonder and *love* in his eyes, his grin wobbly and wet and—

Oh.

Technoblade shoots Wilbur a delighted smirk. Wilbur just huffs with a lighthearted roll of his eyes.

"Hi, angel," Kristin murmurs.

"Hello, my lady," Phil replies, bowing his head low to press a kiss to her skin. "You look beautiful. I mean—you always do, but—that is, you look especially—"

"Shhh," she laughs, as his cheeks flush pink. Her finger lifts to gently brush against the side of his face, Phil leaning into the touch with a quiet croon. "...You look quite handsome yourself, love. But I think we'll have plenty of time for compliments later."

“Right,” Phil answers, as though suddenly remembering they have an audience. His cheeks are even redder now, if it were possible. “Ah—Eret?”

Eret smiles gently and nods.

They lead the ceremony with all the warmth and kindness and heart Phil and Kristin deserve. There’s a time for the crew to share their stories—tales of Phil’s lovestruck antics that very first day, and every day after—the dozens of times he’d leaped over the edge of the ship without a care, his thoughts set only on the woman waiting for him amidst the shoals. The crowd laughs, and smiles are shared, and more stories are told. Tommy tells a rather embarrassing story about finding Phil staring, dreamy-eyed, out at the waters one night while out on a voyage far from Kristin’s shoal, humming a love song under his breath. Phil is as red as a fresh tomato by the end of the storytelling, while Kristin just laughs—no one daring to tell embarrassing stories of *her* when her pinky finger is the size of their entire body.

And then it’s time, the merriment fading to something softer—something more genuine. Kristin leans closer, and Phil takes her finger in his two hands, squeezing tight.

“Repeat after me,” Eret murmurs, and they both nod. They turn to Kristin first, and when she repeats the careful instructions, her voice is as warm as the sun and as fierce as the seas themselves, full of a promise she’s sure never to break. When she cannot place the ring on Phil’s finger herself, as planned, Technoblade steps forward to help. He gets an up-close look at Phil’s tearful face as he slides the carved wooden ring onto his friend’s hand, and even with his friend a crying mess, he can’t think of any sight more wonderful.

“I, Kristin, take you, Phil, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse,” and she pauses, winking, and Phil laughs, scratching sheepishly at the back of his injury-prone neck, “—for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part.”

And when Phil answers, to his merit, his voice only shakes a little. That same goofy smile stays wobbly on his lips as he recites their vows, and when he lifts Kristin’s ring—fashioned from the ring of a barrel, etched with beautiful designs of the constellations themselves—he’s laughing, a melodious, unfiltered sound, full of delight and affection and the promise of long-lasting love. And she laughs too, and then she lowers her hand, and he steps up, and she lifts him toward the sky. Phil spreads his arms like wings with a delighted *whoop*, the wind tousling his hair, the sun casting his face in gold as he finally flies.

Kristin lifts him toward her face, and they meet one another’s gaze, their breath catching.

“Kristin and Philza,” Eret calls up to them, with no shortage of delight in their voice, “—in the eyes of the gods and the seas, I now declare you husband and wife. Phil, you may now kiss your bride.”

There’s a chorus of shouts and cheers as Kristin brings Phil close. He presses a kiss to the bow of her lips, and then her nose, and then she returns the favor, gentle and feather-light as she presses her lips to his hair. And then she cradles him to her cheek, and he clings close, and they’re both smiling and laughing and *happy*, and Technoblade can’t help the tears prickling in his own eyes anew, streaming freely down his cheeks no matter how hard he

scrubs at them. He laughs and claps along with the rest of the crew, his heart lighter than perhaps it's ever been, the burdens of long voyages forgotten in the face of something so pure and bright as love.

This is what they'd all been hoping for—the light at the end of the storms, the promise of something better, of something brighter.

This is their happy ending.

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